#### PRIVILEGE.

FTER all, say what we may, even the most democratic of peoples have still an instinct that there is a kind of "nobility" that does "oblige."

Nothing in the whole story of the Titanic disaster has drawn so much attention and applause as the conduct of the men who did their duty, stood saide for the women and children, and chose to go down with the ship. Over and over again the public has expressed its pride and confidence in these "knights without fear and without reproach."

Who were these men of whom so much was expected?

Upon men of humbler station who escaped no aspersions are test. For the male steerage passengers and members of the crew who succeeded in getting into lifeboats and floating to safety the public has only feelings of sympathy and congratulation. Of them sobody would dream of saying a word other than kindly and encour-

Only for self-saved millionaires are the side looks of questioning and contempt.

Is this, perhaps, one of the compensations of the lowlier man, that when life or death or self-sacrifice are involved his fellow men demand of him less trying standards?

The millionaire, the man of high education, birth or responsibility-he it is who is expected to stick to a hopeless job and keep sloft the banner of courage and heroism until the odds strike him down.

### THE PUBLIC'S GOOD SENSE.

66 TOP THE CAR ON THE NEAR CROSSING," seems to be the sentiment of the popular primary called by the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company.

A few days ago The Evening World presented in some detail sequestion which the Brooklyn company proposed to put to public vote.

Inasmuch as surface cars are required to stop at the far crossing to take passengers and yet at the same time are forced by city ordinance to come to a full stop on the near side of many streets where there are intersecting tracks, ambulance or fire crossings, nearby schools, &c., it would seem that the public as a whole would gain time and convenience by a single stop on the near side.

The Evening World tried to help people to see this. Apparently they have. The vote so far is 126,870 for the near-side stop and 16,700 against it. Ninety thousand people would also do away with the stop in the middle of a long block as against 50,000 for retaining it.

The Evening World was hopeful that the public would prove that it can assist itself, when matters are left to it, by sinking inditidual convenience in the general comfort. So far, good. The complete vote will tell.

### A BELATED NESTLING.

UST as we thought the nest was swept clean of the CUCKOO brood-those bold, bad birds who steal advertising by stuffing their own sheets into the regular issues of The Worldwhat do we find but another live one! Benjamin Fox, if you Pawnbroker, of No. 72 Eighth avenue, with three gold tail feathers, diamond eyes and a twitter that twitters "When Broke Call On Me!" Birdie says he hates to have us hang our fur overcost be known a nice place for it up the spout.

All right, Uncle Ben, but keep those pink eggs out of this next! trade—Mr. Jarr's boss. Mrs. Jarr was

## Letters from the People

consider and Thele same.

The Sense words words were that indeed China's future eminance decision and in the Sense and State China's future eminance decision and in the Sense and State China's future eminance decision and in the Sense and State China's future eminance decision and in the Sense and State China's future eminance decision and in the Sense and State China's future eminance decision and in the Sense and State China's future eminance decision and in the Sense and State China's future eminance decision and in the Sense and State China's future eminance decision and in the Sense and State China's future eminance decision and in the Sense and State China's future eminance decision and in the Sense and State China's future eminance decision and in the Sense and State China's future eminance decision and in the Sense and State China's future eminance of the Exercise World:

It is with much interest that I have read your editorials in regard to the exceptive success of our republican form constitution, acknowledging that a proper of sense in the sense in this sitter for get new strings on this sitter for get new s

OHU SHING ORBUK. A Spring Warning.

In the Editor of The Erusing World; In the hot spells of early spring pecin the not spells of early spring party orbitant and excessive rate asked was senable winter underwear for their beyond my means, which are moderate. There are many times I would patro-Lacy will come again this spring) and the premature clothes-changers catch the premature clothes-change catch the premature clothes-change catch the premature clothes-change catch the premature clothes-change catch the premature clothes-changes catch the premature clothes-changes catch the premature clothes-changers catch the premature clothe

His Wife's Panelly.

readers please advise me? She mays she will be guided by their decision and so shall I.

Excessive Tani-Bates.

quoted me a flat rate of \$1.50 each way. time, and I offered to hold the sither.'
The distance from the garage to the replied Mr. Jarr. "Come: If you are starting point was not very great. But hungry, we'll get off at one of the just think of it: \$1.50 each way! And Broadway restaurants, one with a go positively any one could walk it in ten minutes. The night was cold and the convenience and privacy of a taxi was just the thing one needed, even though the distance was short. But at the maovercoats and of putting on sum- nime the taxis if it were possible to do suits. Then come cold days (as so at a reasonable figure. Keep up the

Never discard winter underwear this bit of free advice.

Never discard winter underwear this May 15. And not then unless the Te the Editor of The Evening World:

The new colored fac similes of the borough flag, printed in three colors, have been put in circulation. The flag Contains three horizontal siripes, one of orange, one of white and one of blue. In Readers, advise cas. Should a young man, just married, consent to let his wife's father or mother or owner reladive live with him and his wife' My uife says yes. I say no. And we quarred ever it often. Her family agree with her. As we have been married only a month I hate these quarrels. I can support my wife in comfort. But I can't and won't support any of her family. And header, I want our isome Betsy sloss.

William Sponishripon. contains three horizontal stripes, one of orange, one of white and one of blue. In

WILLIAM STONESSKIDGE. | critics got her a divorce."

They Were Heroes ("REMENTED") By Maurice Ketten



had been sitting up in the gallery with other white goods wives watching the

"It's the last time I ever go to a ban-quet without taking luncheon with me!"

How It Happened.

"So she has given up the stage?

I thought she was wedded to her

"Me go with you into a restaurant and you carrying that awful looking musical And despite the fact that they were was a dinner to your employer," re-

Mr. Jarr Flies to the Rescue of a Lone Beauty in Distress.

ret show. I think, after that ban-1 "You can pretend not to know me," cabaret restaurant, they pressed homeat the closk room as we go in."

instrument?" cried Mrs. Jarr. "Not both attired in their best and so would marked Mrs. Jarr after they had travel-nuch!" feel not wholly out of place at a ed on a little in silence. "but the least

## Domestic Dialogues. By Alma Woodward.

Young America-Diplomat. | have one. (Mr. 8. almost petrified with amaze Scene: A New York flat.

Characters: Mr. Stone, Mrs. Stone and Walls ment, regards his son suspiciously.)

"Yes, Dinkston was the life of the I'll sure remember it to-morrow. Bum I'll-Mrs. S. (firmly)-That child is NOT go- There are six ordered and they'll be here t ing to have a basebalt—I said it once to-morrow. And, what's more, he'll and I say it ogain!

Willie (mirthfully)-Ha! Ma's 'fraid boy in a low-necked suit. He's to wear the lady in distress,

SOME ONE in the eye and injure know!

Mrs. S. (tearfully holding out her arms)—Willie, come to Mother, darling!

Willie (standing very erect)—W. A. Mrs. S. (turning up)—Do me a favor make no money—I don't want to be a grammate, and over these she was ween and turn off the draught, will you? You sound like a little bookiet on the Morgue! If every other kid on the Morgue! If every other kid on the Mother, and a fittle bookiet on the Mother, and a fittle bookiet on the Mother, and turn off the draught, will you? You sound like a little bookiet on the Mother in the arms of the perfidy of man;"

Mrs. S. (tearfully holding out her man;"

Willie (standing very erect)—W. A. Mrs. Say, Ma. I want to be a region make no money—I don't want to be so grammate, and over these she was ween and turn off the draught, will you?

Mrs. S. (warmly)—Well speken, my boy! You're your father's son—no doubt about it!

(Mrs. S. rushes from the room in tears.

Mr. S. (very tense about the lips)—He will NOT have one. You're away from home all day—if he injured or killed any one I'D be the one they'd come to up far yuh, Pa. Ma ain't got no sense, is she, Pa? Say, got any loose change, times, but always to practical, dull and

fernal machine. Has every bit of com-mon sense you ever coralled gone to Willie (knocking at his mother's door)

William, Ma? Willie (with angelic gravity)-I think (Mrs. 8. embraces him and produces the sither and my hat and my coat and ship went down, Ma's right. Pa. It's kind a' dangerous a dime and a nickel. Willie exita.)
in the city. I guess I'll wait tfil we Willie (in the seclusion of his own

suggested Mr. Jarr. "Or I can check it ward to Harlem as fast as the street car would take them.

hing Clara Mudridge-Smith could have done would have been to invite us to ride home in her timousine car. I guess she forgets she would not be riding in it herself if it were not for me!"

Mr. Jarr might have said that it was solely through him that his boss had met his bride. But there are enough things to fight about in every well regulated family, things that come up unex-pectedly, without dragging in a sure

When they reached home the faithful Gertrude was waiting up for them. Characters: Mr. Stone, Mr. Stone and Walls

Willie (softly)—Say, Ma, when are yuh

didn't yuh say I could have
a baseball, huh, Pa?

Mr. S. (slapping his knee)—

Who said anything about low-necked suits?

Who said anything about low-necked suits? Mr. S. (explosively)—Low-necked suits!

Who said anything about low-necked suit on the telephone all evening. It's that suits? If I ever see a low-necked suit on you I'll thrash the life out of your and she's married that Dinkston!"

And Gertrude, "Some one's been calling you on the telephone all evening. It's that stance of the unreliability of the testistic on you I'll thrash the life out of your and she's married that Dinkston!"

And Gertrude give the name of the lown shark business could stance of the unreliability of the testistic on your of eye-witnesses has ever been afforded than this Titanic disaster. Here was a happening in the presence of more than 2,000 people, some 700 of more than 2,000 people, some 700 of whom survived to tail of it. Nearly all the disk provided that the disk pr Mr. S. (slapping his knee)- suits? If I ever see a low-necked suit and she's married that Dinkston! There, I forgot it, son! But on you I'll thrash the life out of you! and she's married that Dinkston!

something to est that the thoughtful the incidents prior to the sinking of the Mr. S .- And I saked your reasons and Mr. S. (using self-control)-Medam, I Gertrude had provided, Mr. Jarr got the you gave a lot of soft squash theories warn you that there'll be an unpleasant hotel in question and in a few minutes that were canned a century ago.

Willie (mirthfully)—Ha! Ma's 'fraid boy in a low-necked suit. He's to wear I'll hit one the swell lookin' gents wot shirts and pants—not trousers, you unlive on this blook in the eye. Ma thinks derstand—PANTS! He's a boy, madam, their clothes are grand—she does.

Mrs. S. (feroclously)—Wilhe! Hold get a fellow's gost and bust a lip and your tongue! I never said a word about put a fresh gink to sleep and all the any gentleman. I cald you might hit REMAL things that a real boy should ston in her room and in tears.

"Look at me!" oried the former Mrs. (Searfully bolding and bearing the mass."

will NOT have one. You're away from home all day—if he injured or killed willie (after a moment)—I had to grant home all day—if he injured or killed any one I'D be the one they'd come to up for yuh, Pa. Ma ain't got no sonse, times, but always to practical, dull and stupid business men. Never to a groupsy-

"By 'he' you would mean that wretch.

ried, I paid the preacher. Then he took tain was swept from the deck as the left, saying he would return anon."

THE RIB

## By Helen Rowland

Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World). HERE goes a man who believes me an incovisible firt," sighed the Rib, as an athletic youth hurried past without even glancing sp.
"If you've known him so long as that," exclaimed the Mere Mee, craning his neck toward the window to gaze after the coefficient youth, "how is it I never met him?"

"Bo long as what?" inquired the Rib coldly. "It was not four washen less annuary."

only four weeks—last summer."
"His dream died young!" sighed the Mere Man sympa-

thetically, as he lighted a cigarette.
"It did," acknowledged the Rib frankly. "I killed to You wouldn't have had me let the poor thing to on until a died of slow starvation, would you, Mr. Cutting, when with one skilful blow of the knife I could put an end to its

ignoring the question. "They will deliberately stand by and see their beautiful dreams die by inches, or turn into-

operation and end the thing forever."

"To do what?" inquired the Mere Man.

"To separate, Mr. Cutting. To say to one another, 'R's all been very levely, but the gloss has worn off, and it never will be the same again. We thought it was real love, but it was only a maringe. We thought it would last forever, but it was only a passing rainbow. Therefore, let's forget it and say goodby, and not go on making believe. Love is done, but for heaven's sake don't lot it get OVERIGORS."

"And who will ACKNOWLEDGE R." rejoined the Rib. "They usually know by the signs, but they won't acknowledge it, even to themselves."
"By the 'signs'?" repeated the Mere Man. "I suppose you mean by the ye

"Not at all," returned the Rib. "The fire of love is never quite out until you "Not at all," returned the Rib. "The fire of love is never quite out until you have to PRETEND to one emother; until you have to assume a dramatic arrivation and enthusiasm at meeting, and an expression of regret at parting; until you suddenly discover that you would rether go to bed early or read an interesting book than to sit up and talk to a particular person. That's the death signal."
"But," protested the Mere Man, "it's the height of murder to kill love's young dream. I can understand the temptation to stab a man or strangle a woman, but to run a knife through your own beautiful dream"—
"A surgical knife," corrected the Rib. "That's just what I mean. You can accomplished as well the dream's life by partireming a surgical operation in time, and

"A surgical knife," corrected the Rib. "That's just what I mean. You can sometimes save the dream's life by performing a surgical operation in time, and separating before the poor thing is quite dead. Then, although you may not have each other, you will at least have your sweet memories and regrets. Besides, you will have the consolation of uncertainty, the consolousness that, after all, the dream MIGHT have come true."

The Mere Man shuddered.
"I prefer the tragedy of certainty!" he exclaimed emphatically.
"Of course you do," retorted the Rib. "No man ever did want to leave anything to the imagination. He always prefers to break off a love affair by inches; to gut it to death by slow starvation, or strangulation, or experimentation, or

thing to the imagination. He always prefers to break on a now that the to gut it to death by slow starvation, or strangulation, or experimentation, or indigestion. But it doesn't pay to fool with dreams; for, even when dead, they will come back and haunt you."

And anough," declared the Mere Man. "And the slow

will come back and haunt you."
"Not if they're dead enough." declared the Mere Man. "And the slow method is so much surer, and—and more gentlementy."
"And sater" rejoined the Rib scornfully. "Especially if the man has gotten tired first. But if the woman happens to tire first he will pursue her indefatigably. He seems to believe that marriage will revive the dream, whereas

re dreams die of marriage than anything else."

"But how did you manage to kill the poor young chap's dream?" pe

"Was that all?"

"And that I had only been filling in the time, while—whi
"Well?" demanded the Mere Man inexorably.
"Wille—somebody else was away," finished the Mib, des
"Oh," said the Mere Man, as a great light began to de
our whole weeks—last summer."

# The Week's Wash. By Martin Green.

plied the laundry man, "you are likely to assume

reports of the sinking of the Titanic are unreli-

reliable as affidavits, but the basic difficulty is that no two people see the same happening in the same light, and

Titanio-or at least such of the inci-dents as came under the observation of the cebin peacengers—took place with-in a reasonably restricted area. There in a reasonably restricted area.

In a reasonable restricted area.

In a r

matters like the fate of Capt. Smith the divergence of information is aman-



his brains out. Others as solemnly seed? A baseball's only a little place—Say, Ma! MA! Don' cry, Ma, I love of rubber and some yarn, with a leather you, hones'! Didn't I stan' up fee yuh "Yes," sobbed the subdued suffragetts, cover—it ain't got any dynamite con- bout the baseball, bout the baseball, Mrs. S. (sweetly)—My! aren't you was right bout the baseball, Ma. Got a little loose change fer yer borrowed the sither and we were marting. Still others declare that the cap-

665 OME disaster." remarked the their lives in the observance of events head pollsher, speaking of the for the information of the public differ sinking of the Titanic, "but I in their accounts. Human nature is haven't been able human mature, and most of us see to figure it out y t. things as we think they should be No two accounts rather than as they are. The Titanio

that I've run disaster is such an immense, against agree." ing calamity that it cannot torian, after digging painets through all the records and acc

The Crusade's Vietim.

"that the first person to fall a victim in the District-Attor-

"If it wasn't for the activities of womdo all the work. They steer the book into the usurious contract, they jolly



their way into the many enough to ennex comfortable incomes. Why is it? Don't ask me. Maybe some bulwoman can tell you why women but-wark the loan shark business and am always found in confidential relations with crooked bankers."

SIGH," said the head polished

"Maybe," replied the laundry man, "But I haven't met eny Rossevalt vot-



ers yet who got the m



counter in the gathering of news is the "So she has given up the stage? The way way.

Thought she was wedded to her the way wedded to her the way way.

The was. But the managers and pet. Mother knew her precious would they cough up the coin just like team risks got her a divorce."

The way way.

Mrs. 8 (enveloping him)—You darling! I got to think up the makin's of a screp the suffragette bride shook ner they saw, If a paper prints the story of one exeminess all the others depend on the suffragette bride shook ner the suffragette bride shook ner